


Quote



I say to you solemnly that if Hitler's present military plans are brought to a successful fulfillment, we Americans shall be forced to fight in defense of our own homes and our own freedom in a war as costly and as devastating as that which now rages on the Russian front. Hitler has offered a challenge which we as Americans cannot and will not tolerate. It is time for this country to stop playing into Hitler's hands and to unshackle our own.—FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT, in a message to Congress.



For those who will not be *Mentally Marooned*

WORLD WEEK

The Russian War is not yet over. Despite Hitler's extravagant claims and admittedly staggering offensive against the Central front, Nazi forces have yet a long and costly way to go. There is no intent here to minimize seriousness of situation. Hitler's avowed intent is to knock out Central army under Timoshenko. He appears in a fair way to do so. But it is possible, indeed probable that the wily general will be able to retreat strategically into the Urals. Losses in men and equipment may well be staggering; but so long as there remains remnant upon which to build, Hitler has not achieved his objective. Russia's resources in manpower are all but limitless, and though she has lost much of her own production facilities, she can assuredly count on some assistance from her democratic associates.

Meanwhile, there remains, of course, the Russian armies of the North and the South. By driving thru the Center, Hitler is further separating these forces, and can deal with them independently. This is sound military strategy. But the fact remains that they must be dealt with. Thus, barring an armistice, which seems unlikely in the present situation, the war must go on. For how long? Who can say?

We pointed out only last week—and repeat for emphasis—that Germany's problem is to push past the Caucasus, to Russian oil, before Spring—or lose the war. The present drive is spectacular—it may even be highly significant if it succeeds in seriously crippling the Central front of the Red army. But, no matter how much jubilation and fanfare may surround these victories, they cannot immediately slake the Nazi thirst for oil. Granting that elimination of the Central army as a threat will greatly smooth the course to the Caucasus, there remains the probability that hard-pressed peasants, who have so relentlessly destroyed their crops and productive facilities will, with final magnificent gesture, destroy their vast oil fields, or render them incapable of early production. Thus thwarted, the Nazis would have no alternative but to press on into Iran and Iraq. And they may lack the fuel for that final drive.

An ill-informed American public has fallen into the error of expecting a Muscovite miracle. In all probability, there isn't going to be any. The Russians have done marvelously well. But their press agents have been too numerous and too aggressive. They have led us to expect too much. And the Administration in Washington certainly has not been any too realistic in its public pronouncements.

The Red Army is still a reality. We think it will continue to function thru the present Winter at least. But let's face the fact that the Russian forces may be approaching a point where they can no longer face the Nazis on terms of equality. Even so, they have already accomplished far more than most observers expected of them at the outset of the war.

Quote prophecies . . .

—that Nazis will not attempt actual occupation of Moscow this Winter, unless Russian resistance completely collapses. They are more likely to encircle city; concentrate on knocking out Central army, and try starvation tactics on civil population.

—that Soviet gov't will abandon Moscow as official headquarters, setting up temporary capital at Gorki, somewhat more than 100 miles to the East. (Evacuation is no doubt already under way).

—that U. S. gov't will yet further tighten installment terms; increase down-payment percentages on certain types of merchandise. May require bank-borrowers to give written promise funds will not be used for down-payment on installment purchase.

In the pervading gloom we tend to lose sight of the fact that Allied position is vastly better than it was four months ago, when Germany was ostensibly at peace with Russia, and had her vast unimpaired resources upon which to draw. Today, Germany has gained ground—but it is barren ground. And at what ghastly cost in men, munitions—and oil! If Russia makes no further contribution, she has given her associates four golden months—with the probability of another four to come.

In gov't action barring non-defense construction some observers see more than move to conserve materials. May be part of economic policy to provide backlog of construction orders for after the war.

England's drive for skilled American manpower, which we prophesied some weeks ago, is now taking on increased impetus. Radio and airplane specialists, and men who know something about construction work are being recruited for service in England and various parts of Empire. Some classes are automatically exempt from draft; in other cases, permission from local board is necessary.

Now there's talk of making women's hostery of synthetic rubber. Will the cuties carry vulcanizing sets for emergency repairs?

Franklin D. Roosevelt

Publisher.

Quote

"He Who Never Quotes, is Never Quoted."—Charles Haddon Spurgeon

ARMY—Continuity

Once an officer said to my father did he notice there weren't any grumpy old guys in the army any more and my father said no, they were all dead or retired and we are the grumpy old guys now, and the other officer said he never thought of that.—TOMMY WADELTON, 14-year-old author of *My Father Is a Quiet Man*, (Coward-McCann, \$1.50).

BEAUTY—Cosmetics

The more cosmetics used, the better the morale of the nation as a whole. This is because women feel much better about everything in general when they are well groomed; and if the women have a bright outlook, it is bound to be reflected in the men and the children.—Editorial in *Drug and Cosmetic Industry*.

CHRISTIANITY—Nazi

Conception

Hitler said to me:

"I thought of making the German church the most powerful in the world. . . . But you church-men are all Jew-infested. Your Christianity is nothing but a step-child of Jewry, grown soft and infested with stupid humanitarian illusions.

"If the Christian Church wants to fight me, I shall annihilate it as I have crushed and will crush all my other enemies. I don't mind walking over corpses as long as I reach my goal. I need no Christianity. Whoever won't obey will be destroyed."—Quoted by Pastor MARTIN NIEMOELLER, "What Hitler Told Me About Christianity," *Liberty*, 9-20-'41.

"May we
Quote
you on that?"

"When Fascism comes in this country, it will stem from the south, and spread all over the United States, only because we failed to realize that this country is compounded of minorities, and that we are all brothers."—Dr. MALCOLM BOYD DANA, President, Piedmont College, Demorest, Ga.

" "

"England is thru with the responsibility of solving the problems of Europe, which she has done for the past 300 years. It is time we passed on the 'baby' to the Americans."—Col. JOSIAH C. WEDGWOOD, M. P., addressing British Empire C. of C., in U. S.

" "

"There has been too much talk about THE government—and not enough about OUR government."—EMIL SCHRAM, Newly-Elected President, New York Stock Exchange.

" "

"You cannot permit wages and salaries to rise indiscriminately, and be realistic about preventing inflation."—MARRINER S. ECCLES, Chairman, Federal Reserve Board, testifying before House Banking Committee.

CHURCH

Hoffman, the famous German chemist, visited Glasgow, arriving in town late Saturday night. The following morning he went to call on Sir William Thompson, afterward Lord Kelvin. The doorbell was answered by a maid, of whom Hoffman asked if Sir William were at home. "Sir, he most certainly is not." "Could you tell me where I might find him?" "You will find him in church, sir," was the reply, "where you ought to be."—*Sunday School Chronicle*.

CHURCH—Religion

Clarence Darrow, relentless critic of the churches, was listening to a discussion of some of the programs and devices which the churches were using to entice people to attend services on Sunday evenings. Darrow commented scathingly, "Why don't they try religion sometimes?"

CREDIT

A book salesman lured Mrs. Thurman Arnold into buying an expensive set of books while her husband was out of town. On returning the books, Thurman received a vitriolic letter from the company threatening to "stop Mrs. Arnold's credit in every principal city in America."

"I don't know how to thank you," Thurman replied pleasantly, "but I can't possibly impose on you that much. Suppose you just stop Mrs. Arnold's credit west of the Rockies—and I'll tackle the eastern half."—PEGGY McEVOR, *Ladies' Home Journal*, 10-'41.

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Tomorrow's Wings

By Maj. AL WILLIAMS

The aircraft industry is just about where the automobile industry was 25 or 30 years ago. Our "air roads" occupy just about the same relative position. Our conceptions of regulating air traffic, ditto.

Right now, under the pressure of defense, we see powerful interests entering the aircraft manufacturing field. Prior to the present hubbub, wherein we are trying to overtake the past, the American aircraft industry was pretty nearly a closed corporation. The industry was quite agitated about who the newcomers would be, and what they would do to the sacred-cow methods of the aircraft market.

Now, under force of emergency, the bars have been let down, and the aircraft field is wide open to the entire automobile industry. There are those who scoffed at applying automobile mass production methods to the building of aircraft, and aircraft engines. Henry Ford drew down ridicule upon his head for claiming that there was nothing mysterious about making aircraft, except what those who had been making them said about it.

But just take a look at what the automobile industry is doing today, with moving assembly lines and facilities available for turning out aircraft like hot cakes, instead of making a veritable ceremony of building something with wings on it.

Big business is in the aircraft industry, and be sure to count the automobile industry in. In addition to what the motor car outfit is doing right now, its leaders are open and frank with statements about projecting their mass aircraft production plans into the post-war period. Maybe the cheaper-to-operate and more suitable planes for commercial and private use, made available by the motor car industry, will avoid a flood of warplanes flying after the war.—Condensed from Maj. Williams' Syndicated Column.

DEBT—Collections

Once on a time John Henry Hill employed me to collect a bill he had against a certain Jay for helping him make prairie hay, but when I went to see the guy the tale he told me made me cry: the price of hay, he said, had dropped, and, tho the market his had topped, the cost of trucking and of freight had wiped him clean as Fido's plate—had left him not a single sou to pay John Henry what was due; and so I lent the guy a buck for sympathy for his bad luck; but when I told John Henry he said that he was sorry—still, he hated all his work to lose with all his children needing shoes; I felt so sorry for poor John I loaned him one simoleon, and ever since I've held the sack, for neither one has paid me back. I'm glad I helped, but just the same I've quit the debt-collecting game.—MERLIN F. SAILOR, *Copper's Weekly*, 9-27-'41.

DEFENSE—Priorities

Hard-working OPM Priorities Chief Donald Nelson has received some strange requests for priority orders. One was for pipe-stem cleaners to go into the manufacture of a bomber. Another, from an airplane company, was for 34 copies of the book, *How To Win Friends and Influence People*—Pearson and Allen, Washington-Merry-Go-Round.

DIPLOMACY

Negotiating with Michael Collins for Irish independence, Winston Churchill found the famous Irishman all out of sorts.

"You hunted me day and night—even put a price on my head," said Collins bitterly.

"What price?" retaliated Churchill.

"Five thousand pounds."

"Well," returned Churchill—"as you know I also had a price on my head when escaping from the Boers." And he took from the wall a framed notice and handed it to Collins. "But was it five thousand pounds? No, indeed! It was only twenty-five dollars dead or alive. How would you like that?"

—*Christian Science Monitor*, 9-23-'41.

ENCOURAGEMENT

A certain business man has a curious little copper two-cent watch charm which he wouldn't sell for a thousand dollars. "I had lost practically every cent I had," he told a friend "and there at my desk I was thinking of a possible way to end it all, when my little daughter came up

to me and asked a question: 'What does ruined mean papa?' I realized that she had heard my groans, so I answered, 'It means I haven't any money. Papa's a poor man.' The little feet pattered away, and then back again, and here on my watchchain is what she gave me. Not a great fortune, but the foundation of one. Whatever I've got since then came from it, for it gave me courage."—W. G. HELSOP, "The Secret of a Happy Wedded Life," *The Pulpit Digest*, 10-'41.

GOVERNMENT—Supplies

Washington uses an estimated 4 million tons of paper annually or about 20 per cent of the entire U. S. capacity. The government will take over a third of the nation's paper next year and half in 1943. The paper will go into bulletins, orders, application blanks, instructions, government publications, forms, etc.

At this rate Washington may soon be a city of filing cabinets surrounded by residential suburbs.—*The Financial Post*, 9-27-'41.

Cum Grano Salis

Bring me the salt of the
Seven Seas;
Bring me Salt Lake's salt—
and hurry, please!
The salt of Avery Island, too,
For no mere grain of salt will do,
Since I'm supposed to
swallow today,
An official Nazi communique.
—VIOLET ALLEYN STOREY, *New York Times*.

HELL

One thing about hell—it's the only institution still mentioned without a prefixed "pro" or "anti."

HISTORY—In the Making

With history piling up so fast, practically any day now is a first or second anniversary of something awful.—*Detroit News*.

IMPATIENCE

Leonardo da Vinci's aim was perfection in every detail as he worked on his great painting of "The Last Supper." The impatient often accused him of being dilatory and lackadaisical, railing at him as he went about the difficult task of selecting his models. One priest, more reviling than the others, struck at da Vinci when his patience was at low ebb.

"I am seeking the model for Judas Iscariot," calmly returned the master.

"Will you pose for him,—and I assure you I shall finish in a few days?"

He was annoyed no further.

INDIANS—In Army

Private Claude Grey, full-blooded Sioux Indian, has the reputation of being the best scout in the Second Army.

On a reconnaissance patrol during current war games, Private Grey halted his squad with the warning:

"Stop and take cover. I smell horses."

Ten minutes later a cavalry troop galloped by.

JAPAN—In China

I talked with numbers of Japanese prisoners in China. They told me they could never return home. The question of face is involved. Officially there are no Japanese prisoners. Hence all men missing are put down as dead and death bounties paid on them. A Japanese prisoner could not return home without bringing shame to his family, and, even more important, directly calling the gov't a liar for publishing his death. . . . There is also an economic problem involved. . . . The average soldier could not repay the death benefit.

Prisoners (in China) are turned loose to wander about on their own. Realizing the matter of face involved, the Chinese had no fear of any prisoner escaping.—JAMES R. YOUNG, *Behind The Rising Sun* (Doubleday, Doran, \$3).

LANGUAGE—Army

Writes a soldier to the *Infantry Journal* in protest against attempts of newspaper and magazine writers to reproduce Army slang: "The dangerous thing about publishing lists of Army slang is that the first thing we know, soldiers and civilians both will begin to use the words. It is highly possible that a Pennsylvanian like myself someday might sacrifice a company by misinterpreting a verbal order from a Florida-born Colonel. A case in point: I still remember with regret the time I missed dinner because a V.P.I. man told me, 'Growly's in the trough,' and I answered, 'If he can't get out, t'ell with him,' and waited for mess call."—*Saturday Evening Post*, 9-20-41.

LIBRARIES—Influence

Libraries have now reached their "power age." . . . Were all the libraries of the world destroyed, the

THEY'RE TALKING ABOUT THESE

New Books

Low Man on a Totem Pole—H. ALLEN SMITH. Journalist for the New York *World-Telegram*, (Doubleday, Doran, \$2.50).

Strap your sides, keep a doctor handy on the chance of over-titillated risibilities; then curl up in your favorite chair to enjoy the rollicking, unexpurgated memoirs of the peripatetic *Low Man on a Totem Pole*. Not recommended for women cherishing their girlish figures—if human lard is still produced by laughter.

Fred Allen's jocose pen performs the introduction. In his eyes, the author H. Allen Smith is indeed a strange figure to behold: physically "a waste of skin;" sartorially "at once the despair of the tailor and the moth." When it seems no longer possible that this underslung character of an Indian tribal pillar could be human, Allen fires this parting shot: "Any similarity between Smith taken apart in the preceding paragraphs and the author of this book is purely incidental." When he has done hitting Smith on the head, Fred Allen proceeds to hit the nail on the head, terming the author "the screwball's Boswell, the little man to whom the world is a seething psychopathic ward, the biographer of the neurotic nonentity, of the riff and raff who slink through life fraught with insignificance." Then Mr. Smith takes over.

But a short time out of knee pants, young Smith plunged headlong into his newswriting career. His local emergence therefrom was possibly the most rapid that small mid-western town had ever known. Perhaps his genius in writing the notorious

"Stranded on a Davenport" was too far ahead of his time. Although he knew he was in the newsgame to stay, it seemed wisest to leave Huntington.

Journeymen journalists were the order of the day. Smith joined the great fraternity and roved the country, his eagle eye ever seeking the fantastic in the "dispensable man." He pulled into New York just as the bottom pulled out—1929. There he has remained, ferreting out the strange in the hordes who come and go, the hundreds who come and stay, and the thousands who have lived no place else.

In his scant 35 years, H. Allen Smith has perhaps met more major and minor celebrities, human oddities and ordinary mortals than any other man. He can scent "interview fodder" in a 40-mile radius. Famous and infamous alike are open-faced sandwiches to Smith. Unlike the ordinary interviewer, he does not spread on the top layer for print. "Let's have an interview," asked Joe E. Brown, "without any mention of my mouth." "Okay," said Smith. Mr. Brown lead the conversation. It never veered from his mouth. Not omitting Joe's request, neither did Smith's article.

Gypsy Rose Lee, Marlene Dietrich, Slapsie Maxie Rosenbloom, Jim Moran, the scientific scientist, Joan Bennett, Jimmy Durante, Lupe Velez and hundreds of others have had the flourescent optics of the redoubtable Mr. Smith turned carefully on them. The results in the columns of the *World-Telegram* have been both amazing and amusing. Together in one hilarious book they are doubly so.

power age of machinery would soon be a thing of the past. Only library materials . . . enable the machine age to continue. But if all the world's machines were scrapped, while enough of its best libraries survived, these materials would enable men in time to re-establish the power of machines.—

CARTER ALEXANDER, *How to Locate Educational Information and Data*, (Columbia University Press).

LITERATURE—Source

Charles Lamb related how he wrote one of his entrancing essays: "I milked twenty cows to get the milk; but the butter I churned is all my own."—*Christian Herald*, 10-41.

MONEY—Religion

Our religion is in dire peril. It's mighty hard to worship an Almighty Dollar you haven't got.—*Epic News*.

News of the New

CHEMISTRY: Chemists at La., State U., announce new process in making high-octane gasoline from black-strap molasses, cheap by-product of sugar industry. Costs 15 cents gal., to produce. Practicable at present only in sugar-producing countries where gas is high.

Fordham U., chemists suggest timid souls eat meat, other foods containing protein constituents cystine and methionine, thus build up defense against damaging effects of war gasses.

INVENTION: RCA has just demonstrated an Alert receiver that turns on automatically when it receives sub-audible signal from broadcast station; rings bell to summon listeners; shuts off when "all-clear" flashes. Wide-spread application in Civilian Defense. May be used to provide local, regional, national radio-call system. Useful in case of fire, earthquakes, floods etc. Secondary uses: to call attention to special news bulletins, unscheduled broadcasts, etc.

MEDICINE: U. S. Army soon to announce new weapon for use against "chigger blitzes." Various ointments have been under test during Louisiana maneuvers.

American Medical Ass'n., visualizes eventual elimination of common cold by purifying all indoor air. Researchers have demonstrated that outdoor air does not spread colds; that indoor air can be purified by air conditioning; ultra-violet light.

And here's more on ultra-violet: Harvey C. Rentschler, Westinghouse researcher, tells American Ass'n for Advancement of Science that epidemics of influenza and similar diseases may be controlled thru special lamps set up in barracks, draftee camps, public buildings. Lamps throw barrage of ultra-violet particles in air, exterminating practically all germs. Measuring cells now developed for determining amount of ultra-violet radiation necessary and time required for extermination.

SURGERY: Two Minneapolis doctors (in *Journal of American Medical Ass'n*) announce successful transplantation of largest area of skin in medical history (176 sq. inches.) Used newly-developed instrument called dermatone, a blade of razor steel attached to a drum, with calibrated screws permitting minute adjustments.

NEIGHBORS

According to a Mexican legend, San Ysidro was plowing his garden when an angel appeared: "The Lord wants to see you, Ysidro. Come with me." But Ysidro was busy. He refused the command.

Again the angel appeared: "Unless you come at once, the Lord will send hot winds and drought to wither your corn." Ysidro was unperturbed. He had fought the wind before; drought could be relieved by river water.

Twice more the angel appeared, but Ysidro would not leave his work. The fourth time, the angel said simply: "If you do not come with me, the Lord will send you a bad neighbor."

Ysidro paused in the middle of the row and turned to the messenger. "I'll go with you now" he said quietly. "I can stand anything but that."—JOSEPHUS DANIELS, addressing Women's Auxillary, American Legion.

OCCUPIED COUNTRIES

Dutchmen watching their native land from London have hit upon an ingenious method of calculating how many German soldiers there are now in the occupied area of the Netherlands. The calculation is made in terms of cigars. So many millions of cigars are produced in Holland every month. Of these, so many millions are allocated to the German troops. The postulate is that every German soldier in Holland is allowed two cigars a day. That granted and the sum worked out, the answer is that the number of German soldiers now in Holland must be from six to seven hundred thousand. — *The London Times*.

POLICE

Prowl car policemen found a grocery door open and sampled a cracker or two while looking around. Finding nothing wrong, they left, after barricading the place.

The manager arrived the next morning to find a note from the burglar complaining that he had hidden in a cranny back of a refrigerator while the police were in the store, and they'd locked him in so he had to break out.—JACK PICKERING, in his *Column Town Crier*, *Detroit Free Press*, 9-30-41.

PRAYER

When a torpedo strikes a ship, or a bomb falls upon a crowd, the commonest and most instinctive cry is "My God!" All sorts of personal disasters and sorrows evoke the same

outburst. Involuntarily and intuitively, man turns to thoughts of the Almighty when something befalls that is beyond the range of his normal experience or understanding. Even persons who do not commonly pray turn instantly to prayer in time of peril. The deepest impulses of the human heart lead naturally to God.—WM. T. ELLIS.

PROPAGANDA

Nazi commander, addressing the troops: Boys, I just heard over the Berlin radio that you have captured Siberia. Those are your orders."—*Richmond Times-Dispatch*.

REITERATION—Value of

An old woman was bleaching the linen she had woven on her handloom. She spread it on the grass in the sun, sprinkling it, then letting the sun dry it out, then sprinkling again, and again.

While thus engaged on a Monday morning, the parish priest came by and stopped to speak to her.

"I took notice you were at Mass yesterday, Mrs. McPhie."

"Yes, Father, I went to Mass."

"And what good thoughts did you bring away?"

"Now, I don't rightly remember anything special, Father."

"What good, then," demanded the priest "does it do you to attend Mass time after time, if you do not put your mind to the words your priest says?"

The old woman reflected: "The good" she said at last "is some'at like what happens to the linen. You watch how it's sprinkled and dries out, and is sprinkled again. It takes many sprinklin's and many times to dry out; but finally it becomes pure white."

RELIGION—In Russia

Russia has taken a religious census, after nearly nineteen years of atheistic propaganda. Results reveal that 50 per cent of the youth of Russia are Christian; 34 per cent of the collective farmers are Christian; 40,000 communities maintain churches, and only half the population of the towns and villages are atheists.—*Baptist and Reflector*.

RESEARCH

If American industry spent only 2% of gross sales income for research, a quarter of a million engineers and scientists could be mobilized for the development of new goods, new serv-

ices, new industries, new jobs and new sources of wages and salaries.—Nat'l Ass'n of Manufacturers.

REVENGE

A group of Navy men, on a visit to friends in the Army Air Service, accepted with delight the invitation to ride in a plane. The Army hosts gave their guests the works—loops, tailspins, barrel rolls, Immelman turns. When they finally landed, the Navy men, groggy and pale, but duly appreciative, invited their friends to visit them and take a dive in a submarine.

From below decks, the guests and their hosts heard the commands which sent the submarine to the diving area. Soon the guests noticed an anxious interest obviously centered on the depth gauge.

"These boats are designed to stand 200-foot pressure, but they can probably stand as much as 300," the skipper encouragingly assured his guests. But at 200 feet the collision alarm shrieked through the silence. In the eerie gloom of the emergency lamps Momsen escape lungs and instructions for their use were hurriedly given the guests. The needle now registered 260 feet—obviously the boat was in imminent peril. Then miraculously the gauge steadied, and with exasperating slowness the boat began to rise. The visitors' eyes remained riveted on the needle. At last, it indicated "surface" and the hatches were thrown open. The visitors clambered joyously to the deck. The vessel was still quietly moored to the dock; it hadn't moved an inch.—KENDALL BANNING, *The Fleet Today*, (Funk & Wagnalls, \$2.50).

SPEECH—Introductions

All things are subject to change—except banquets. I dare say the people of the U. S. would be unnerved by the passing of the banquet, but if anyone is thinking of its improvement, why not eliminate the introductory speech, or modify its style to a brevity made mandatory by law. . . . What a relief it would be to have a chairman arise and say: "Ladies and gentlemen, this is Mr. John Jones, who is to speak to you."

How we would love such a man! How we would bless and applaud him! In these days when the majority of us can spell out the words in magazines and newspapers, it is unnecessary to give the life history of the speaker. The audience knows who he is, or no one would be there, since we may take it for granted that no one

HITLER . . . Early Glimpses

By OTTO ZAREK

It was almost 3 o'clock of a cold day in March (1923) when I at last entered the restaurant. I was starving. I rushed into the revolving door, not noticing that another was using it at the same time. The rapidly revolving door grazed the man's foot. He began to shout at me furiously when I entered the room. I apologized for having failed to see him, but I also said I could see no reason why he should lose his temper. I stood face to face with the man. He was a slender, insipid-looking fellow, about 30 years of age. He seemed to be astonished that I dare speak to him frankly. He gave me a last disdainful look and walked to his table—the Nazi table. I myself was received at our table with some amazement.

"Don't you know?" asked one of the actors "whom you were bold enough to speak to? That's Hitler, you know. Hitler, himself."

I must confess that when I stood face to face with Hitler I had no impression of confronting a man of strong personality. Perhaps I am a bad psychologist, but this person who accidentally crossed my way appeared a very mediocre individual, remarkable only for his marked nervousness. He looked rather like a bad-tempered forest inspector, one of those fellows who live for the pleasure of hunting poachers and whipping them with their hunting-crops. What cold, heartless eyes he had! Later I often heard intelligent people speak enthusiastically of Hitler's fascinating blue eyes.

I only remember their dull inexpressiveness and a certain immovability of the pupils such as is often observed in hysterical people.

" "

Once, as I entered an apartment house in Munich I heard a sound as of someone weeping. As I paused, the porter's wife appeared. She caught sight of me and called as if I were an old acquaintance:

"Just listen, now, how our tenant behaves himself. It's Herr Hitler—you must have heard of him. He's furious; no one knows the reason why. And when he's furious, he beats his dogs."

She began to weep.

"The poor creatures. They haven't done anything, and he takes his spite out on them. It's a shame, that's what it is."

" "

I met many different types among Hitler's followers. My dentist, a retired officer of the old Army, was a Nazi because he believed Hitler would restore the glory of the army.

"Do you think I'd go on filling the rotten teeth of the bourgeois if I could be in command of a battalion? No, my dear fellow. We'll come back and Hitler is the man to help us. But never mind. Open your mouth; till then I'll do my best for you."

—From *Splendor and Shame, My German Odyssey*, (Bobbs-Merrill, \$2.50).

ever attends a banquet for the food.—Mrs. WALTER FERGUSON, in her Syndicated Column, *A Woman's Viewpoint*.

STUPIDITY

When a man acquires a wooden leg, it is not inherited or transmissible, but when he acquires a wooden head it is.

TAXES

When asked by a worried constituent whether the new tax bill would impose a levy on safety razors, North Carolina Democrat, Representative Robert L. Doughton, replied: "Under this bill taxpayers will be shaved so clean they won't need a razor."

WAR CORRESPONDENTS

War in Louisiana is rougher on reporters than war in Europe. Over there you sit around waiting for communiques. Over here you go up to the front or you don't find much to report.—ERIC SEVAREID, correspondent reporting on U. S. war maneuvers in Louisiana.

" "

I don't know why the American press keeps correspondents here (in England). They have all become British propagandists, and we pay their salaries. . . . I am delighted that it is so.—AVERILL HARRIMAN, head of U. S. delegation to Moscow, in a speech to English editors.

GENS FROM Yesteryear

Bequest From the Poorhouse

By CHARLES LOUNSBERRY

In the pocket of a ragged coat belonging to one of the inmates of the Chicago poorhouse, there was found, after his death, a will. So unusual was the document that it was read before the Chicago Bar Association, and later ordered probated.

Item: I give to good fathers and mothers, in trust for their children, all good little words of praise and encouragement, all quaint pet names and endearments; and I charge said parents to use them justly, but generously.

Item: I give to children inclusively, but only for the term of their childhood, all and every flower of the field, and the blossoms of the woods, with the right to play among them freely according to the customs of childhood, warning them at the same time against thistles and thorns. And I devise to children the banks of the brooks and the golden sands beneath the waters thereof, and the odors of the willows that dip therein, and the white clouds that float high over giant trees. And I leave the children the long, long days to be merry in, in a thousand ways, and the night and the train of the Milky Way to wonder at, but subject, nevertheless, to all the rights hereinafter given to lovers.

Item: To lovers, I devise their imaginary world, with whatever they may need, as the stars of the sky, the red roses by the wall, the bloom of the hawthorn, the sweet strains of music, and aught else they may desire to figure each other the lastingness and beauty of their love.

Item: To young men jointly I bequeath all the boisterous inspiring sports of rivalry, and I give them the disdain of weakness, and undaunted confidence in their own strength. . . .

Item: And to those who are no longer children or youths, or lovers, I leave memory . . . that they may live the old days over again, freely and fully without tithe or diminution.

Item: To the loved ones with snowy crowns, I bequeath the happiness of old age, the love and gratitude of their children until they fall asleep.

Good Stories YOU CAN USE...

A young widow commissioned a monument cutter to inscribe on her husband's tombstone: "My Sorrow Is More Than I Can Bear."

Before the work was finished the widow married again, and the cutter asked her if she still wanted the inscription.

"Yes," she replied, "but just add the word 'Alone'."—*Montana Labor News.*

"I LAUGHED AT THIS ONE"

RABBI STEPHEN S. WISE

In the city of Portland, Oregon, an Irish Catholic was taken dangerously ill with smallpox. He insisted that in his illness he must have absolution. Turning to his wife, he said, "Bridget, I know I am going to die. Send for a Jewish rabbi at once."

"No, Patrick dear," replied Bridget, "you're not going to die. You're going to be well again. But of course if you want absolution, you shall have it. You want our own dear priest though, Patrick,—not a Jewish rabbi."

"No, Bridget, not the priest. I want a Jewish rabbi. Do you think I want our priest to get the smallpox!"

John Hay, the famous American diplomat and statesman, before being admitted to the Illinois bar, was called before a committee of prominent lawyers for examination. A member of the committee, in an attempt to confuse the young lawyer, cited a very difficult and involved case in great detail and then turning a forbidding eye upon the fledgling, said:

"And now, Mr. Hay, let us suppose that a client came to you with such a case. What would you tell him?"

Young Hay had become lost in the maze of data and was thoroughly bewildered. Inwardly he swore that he would kill the first man who came to him with such a problem. But after a moment of nervous reflection, he looked up and said:

"I would ask him for \$50 and tell him to call again in the morning."

The committee murmured its approval.

"Mr. Hay," said his questioner with a twinkle in his eye, "you are admitted."—E. E. EDGAR in *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*.

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"While I was held a prisoner in Japan" says James R. Young, the American newspaper correspondent, "it was amusing to note how the Japanese looked into everything, no matter how trivial. For example: Walter Winchell had broadcast: 'What are they holding you for? Spreading peace rumors?'"

"'Who is Winchell' they demanded. 'What does he mean?'"

"'I don't know' I replied. 'In New York they have a different dialect from my part of the country and I cannot understand him.'"

"They let the matter drop."

WISECRACKS of the Week

The horse has largely been replaced, but what will we substitute for horse service.—Rep. WM. E. LAMBERTSON, of Kansas.

When a man begins to lose his age, it is most difficult for him to be it.—OLIV MILLER, of Wayne Journal-Tribune.

A dollar may not go very far, but it's always just far enough not to find its way back.

The major menaces on the highway are drunken driving, uncontrolled thumbing and indiscriminate spooning. Briefly his, Mike, hug.—*Roads & Streets.*

Human "scorched earth" policy is aimed to give Germany the "hot foot."—*Pathfinder.*

The cocky college athlete offered himself to the Army. "I think I'll join up," he stated smugly. "I'm a track star."

Sadly shaking his head the sergeant replied, "Sorry, son, but we don't want anybody who's trained to start running when a gun is fired."

